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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 29, 1855.

THE Editors of THE CRAYON would not have it understood that they endorse the extracts they make from books or papers in all cases. The opinions of men are often given as matter of interest, although THE CRAYON might dissent entirely from them.

In order to distinguish between the communications by artists and those non-artistic, the former will, hereafter, in all cases, be signed in black letter, the latter, as usual, in Roman capitals.

We should be obliged to our weekly exchanges if they would place us on the footing of the monthlies in the matter of notices.

REV. LUCIUS CRANDALL is authorized to travel and obtain subscriptions for THE CRAYON.

We shall omit our usual leader until the warm weather shall have passed, and enabled us to return to the *regular* exercise of our powers of thought, and shall at the same time endeavor to give our readers more light reading, fitting for the weather. In the fearful heat to which we are subjected in the city, it is often impossible to perform any severe mental labor, and we presume equally difficult for our readers to labor through it.

Sketching.

MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.

THERE is no country in the world where there is such an abundance of raw material as may be found, above the earth and under the earth, in this country. Every metal that is mined and melted, with scarcely an exception—every grain that grows, almost every kind of wood, and every material used in the manufacture of an article or fabric, is, or can be, produced upon the surface, or under the surface, of the soil we live upon. What a pity it is that this wealth of material is not worked up to better advantage, that all articles of taste and refinement—matter made beautiful—are feebly imitated from foreign patterns, or else wholly imported from foreign countries! This should not be. With the raw material in hand, we ought to see in it the perfected article, as the sculptor sees his statue in the single block of marble; and there is no reason why we should not. There is no reason why we should go to Europe for every object, preferred for its tasteful form or design, when the taste which transforms crude matter into these prized forms can be educated so as to produce them at home. We fancy we hear a million true Yankee voices exclaim, that "we can make anything that is made, better and quicker than any other people in the world," and politicians cry out that "all we require is protection, and we *will* do it, if we don't do it now." The only reply it is necessary to make to these assertions is, to ask why the very people who utter them carry European cutlery, purchase European crockery and glass ware, and prefer it to similar articles made in this country? why they borrow foreign ornament to decorate their houses? wear foreign patterns, and buy cheap works of Art, if all these can be had here, "made quicker and better than by any other people in the world?" It is not the lack of protection either that prevents these articles from being manufactured here. No. The preventive obstacles are quite different; it is more the lack of an eye keenly alive to shades

of variety in form and proportions, and a touch delicate enough to feel the effect of the most sensitive instrument; and, above all, the development of that sense of the beautiful which is the vital influence of all these, and which may be expressed by the word Taste. We can make the best watch-cases in the world, there is no reason why we should not make the best watches; and it is not the difference in the cost of labor in this country and in Europe which keeps us from making the watch-movement—for the case requires as much manual labor in proportion as the movement does: there is no reason why we should not blow glass equal to any in Europe—that we do not is owing to the inability of our workmen to produce the fine form through the natural lack of sensitiveness to its beauty; the raw material we have of a finer quality than any in the world. So it is with all fabrics where skill and taste in design make the European article more prized than the American. That we have the ability to produce all manufactured articles, we believe; but the power to execute must be impelled by a cultivated taste and feeling for the beautiful. We have skillful workmen, possessing more than the mere Chinese faculty of imitation; for our workman can recollect a form he has made, and repeat it without the model; he is only ignorant of the value of original design. The following illustration will show in what sense we apply the term. We were, not long since, in a manufacturing establishment, where the beauty and value of the articles made depended more upon form than upon simple execution. "What are your best workmen," said we, "American or foreign?" "American," replied the foreman, "they dispatch work quicker and better than any other of our hands." "If you require a vessel made according to a new design, who do you call on?" "The foreigner," he replied, "makes the first one as a model, after that we give it to the American, and he makes others after it." This tells the story.

The only remedy for this state of ignorance is to establish Schools of Design; educate boys to express ideas by means of matter moulded into form, or by lines drawn on paper; they must be practised and drilled in the production of these models and drawings, as they are taught to commit words to memory for public speaking, or write compositions for improvement in the expression of written thought. It is the only basis of improvement in our manufactures, and we believe it could be proved that to it—the element of design—is owing that advanced state of our manufactures, by which we are enabled to compete with the manufactories of Europe in the production of such articles valued for taste and quality as we do produce equal in these respects to the foreign article.

The effect of a better knowledge of design would be seen in other relations—there would be a general improvement in the entire domain of taste. Our mechanics generally, thus educated, would exercise a favorable influence upon their employers, many of whom are at the mercy of the "boss" and his journeymen. For instance,

in buildings. How many of our wealthy men there are who, with true generous dispositions, expend immense sums for ornament and decoration, with a desire to spend it wisely, too, but who, through lack of time to give the matter personal study, entrust it to the men they employ. All well enough, if the men knew what they were about, but their ignorance leads them into great mistakes, which positive knowledge would entirely prevent. To follow out this thought would take more time and space than we can give to it at present; we may recur to it hereafter. Sufficient to say, that a knowledge of design would keep master and man from making wholesale outlay upon a house for palatial decorations without meaning or fitness to it or its owner. We should have an examination into the appropriateness of mingling together every style of architecture and furniture under one roof—Rural and Roman, Druid, Gothic, and Renaissance. We should not have Louis Quatorze chairs with Greek couches, nor Yankee rocking-chairs in Saracenic nurseries, or disturb the repose of a Library with loud-striking clocks and oppressively decorated book-cases. Let us have Schools of Design, or Design thoroughly taught in our schools, and all these anomalies will be avoided. And that they ought to be avoided, none will dispute, on the American precept, that "whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well."

HOME SCENERY.

I desire to call the attention of our artists, through the columns of THE CRAYON, to some of our home scenery, which is strangely overlooked in this variety loving age. It provokes me to hear of their wandering hundreds of miles away to the stormy shores of New foundland, and zealously painting, not the sublime storms, but the rocks where the storms have been, and these rocks, too, no better in form or color (only a little higher) than our own, which comprises some of the loveliest scenery the wide world can furnish. I allude more particularly now, to Gayhead. The flat and generally uninteresting island of Martha's Vineyard, one of the Nantucket group, rises gradually at the south end into a bold precipitous headland, lifting its irregular masses sometimes three hundred feet from the ocean, and presenting to the distant mariner an undulating line of cliffs some two or three miles long. As mere studies of wild picturesque form, they surpass anything of the kind we know of in America. But, their most surpassing beauty is in their color. They are made up of great layers or alternate strata of the blue, red, yellow, green and black clays, each layer of color being of pure, though low toned tint, and of sufficient extent to be easily separated from the rest. I have seen these cliffs towards the decline of day, in a resplendent glow of color, as softly brilliant as the tints of the setting sun, looking like some huge fragments of a wrecked and stranded rainbow. When the water is calm enough to reflect them perfectly, standing between them and the setting sun, the observer might find it hard to choose which was the most beautiful. Approach these precipices and you will find them torn into huge, ragged, cavernous columns of many tinted clay, the colors running in and out of the light and shade, giving you pictures at every turn.

To the geologist this is a locality of great interest. The clay abounds in organic remains, mostly of tropical origin. The bones of whales,

sharks, and many extinct animals of gigantic size, are found here mingled with ferns and other plants from the equatorial regions. How they came there, is a question for the geologists.

Gayhead is not often seen by the tourist; great would be its fame if it was situated on any of our travelled routes. Coasting craft often see it a great distance, and the people of Newport and the adjacent coast, at rare intervals, see its magic beauty painted in the *m韙age's* sea. The steamboat from New Bedford to Nantucket daily stops at the other end of the island. I hope some capable artist will visit the spot, and make the world better acquainted with its surpassing beauty.

The "Pictured Rocks," on the southern shores of Lake Superior, have a beauty akin to the Gayhead cliffs. Here rocks rise three hundred feet out of the water, in perpendicular cliffs, after pushing promontories into the sea, which, as well as the whole formation, is undermined by caverns, one of which is large enough to harbor a fleet-of-war, and roomy enough for the evolutions of a seventy-four. These caverns are of vast and unexplored extent—their walls are variegated by beautiful grey tints—the forms, from the slaty nature of the rock, are singularly broad and massive, and the whole effect, with the mournful sea rolling in, must be exceedingly impressive and beautiful.

The cliffs which front upon the sea, are decorated by bright colors, produced by the stains of the soil above washing down the sides. They are said to be as beautiful as those of Gayhead, particularly when they are wet with rain. They do not, however, produce much effect when they are dry.

WANDERER.

WE could not refer to a better illustration to support our argument in favor of Schools of Design than the Bank-building now being erected on the corner of Exchange Place and William street. Did ever anybody see such ugly, inappropriate faces, in equally inappropriate places, as those upon the key-stones of the window arches in the first story of that building? Some one suggested that they might be portraits of Wall st. men; but we earnestly repelled such a supposition. We told him the gentlemen of Wall street were not generally so old, we thought, and certainly were better looking. It was a religious man, and a simple-minded countryman who hinted it; and we blushed for the Christian character of our city, when we had to inform him they were of heathen origin and significance, and had nothing to do with modern times.

ROSA BONHEUR.

THIS gifted lady—an honor to her sex as well as to the fraternity of artists, has lately made a visit to London, where one or two of her pictures are now exhibiting. The following extracts from two of the leading London journals, will be found interesting in connection with the allusion to Md're Bonheur, by Mr. Rossetti, in his letter of July 23d, in the last number of our paper:

FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.—A soirée was given at this gallery, last evening, to inaugurate the exhibition of the great painting, entitled "The Horse Fair," by Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, and to introduce that highly gifted lady to the leading artists and amateurs of Art in this country. This picture is one of

the few efforts of human genius which the trumpet of fame, and the workings of individual imagination have failed, by their usual exaggeration to render a source of disappointment to the most devoted of their believers. On standing before it, all preconceived ideas vanish, and we have a splendidly luminous effect—an unquestionably truthful resemblance to reality—presented by a mind evidently imbued with an elevated feeling for Nature, and a well-practised and an obedient hand of masculine power. This is so extraordinary a production, displaying so much academic learning and philosophy of sentiment in Art, that we deem it but justice to Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur to enter rather fully into detail on those parts of the subject, and direct public attention to some points which we think of such importance as to deserve a more than usually elaborate consideration.

The subject, as the title gives us to understand, is a troop or a string of horses going to a fair. As it is intended to be a pure representation of Nature, no conventional artifice can be admitted which would interfere with the endeavor to render that representation as perfect as possible, and therefore it is essential that all appearance of premeditation should be carefully concealed. But on a careful examination the following, among other, artistic methods of construction will be found.

The portion of the road over which the horses are moving is nearly the segment of a circle. The legs of the horses are rendered less striking to the eye by being partially concealed by dust, and this arrangement fixes the attention upon the middle of the canvas, where the motion of the heads of the animals and the upper parts of their riders are seen. This line is varied by the black horse rearing up, and giving the pyramidal form to the composition, which is again repeated by the dome in the distance, composing, but with more simplicity, with the two horses on the extreme left of the picture.

The grouping of the heads of the horses receives great assistance, by contrast, from the diagonal direction which the tops of the trees take, and again by the repose obtained by the undisturbed state of the road.

Of the principal light it may be said that it is broadly massed upon the two grey cart-horses, and is distributed by flashing along upon the heads of the horses and their flying manes, dying away gradually until it is revived on the head of the old grey horse on the extreme left of the spectator. On the opposite side, the flickering and fitful gleams upon the animals and the people, present spots of dark and light, which give, by comparison, extraordinary splendor and breadth to the principal light already alluded to. The arrangement of color is solely intended to support the general effect of light, shade, and air. The low tone in which the clouds are painted, the uniformity of the green on the trees, and the monotony of the ground, all serve to carry out that intention, and they particularly add force to the luminous parts. In pursuing the subject not quite so regularly, we may re-instate that even the apparent detail in the trees, and the slightness of their general character, by comparison, give breadth and weight to the principal group, the motion of which is greatly increased by the rearing black horse, as well as by the white one near him, and the attitudes of the men. By sentiment also, the dome in the distance, and the stems of the trees, from their known fixity, are greatly suggestive of progress in the animals.

There is a very attractive part of the picture on the right of the spectator, where several persons are assembled to see the horses pass. This has the advantage of directing attention to the road they are going, and is rendered interesting for that purpose by being painted with charming truth, and most pleasing effect.

To this we may add that the drawing is ad-

mirable, the action of the horses spirited and natural, the anatomy both vigorously and accurately expressed, with a touch as firm as it is masterly. With all these high qualities a most well-ordered unity prevails over this large subject. The eye of the spectator rests where the artist intends it shall, and there is not one obtrusive light to draw it from that spot, which it never quits until interest and curiosity exert their sway, and the mind seeks to know more of the subject. It is then led gradually over the whole until it is satisfied with contemplating the most powerful, natural, and truly elegant picture which has been seen in this country for many years past.—*Morning Post*.

The short visit of Madlle. Rosa Bonheur to London, must have fixed in many minds the floating desire which has existed for some time past, that English and foreign artists should know one another, and become acquainted with one another's works, in a less hap-hazard way than hitherto. Thanks to partial efforts, vigorous, but too arduous to be required of individuals, we have for some years been able to see in London a good many works of French and German artists. But the plans of such exhibitions are precarious; and it is really impossible that individual enterprise should present such works either extensively or impartially. Under the immediate influence of Rosa Bonheur's presence and achievements we believe it would not be difficult to form an association which would charge itself with procuring an annual exhibition in London of the works of artist of all nations.

Many of our readers no doubt remember the sensation excited in London—first, among artists, and then in the public—by Biard's picture of "A Slave Ship on the African Coast." That lurid and terrible picture made such an impression on artists and connoisseurs that they were heard to say that, whatever was Biard's intention, his picture would have a social operation which fine pictures have long to wait for, if they ever obtain it. They said it would do more towards negro emancipation than the acts of Clarkson and the silver speech of Wilberforce. The human interest, of which good hearts might form some conception, was so enhanced and vivified by the true presentation of scenery and climate, that the careless and the "bored" about anti-slavery, and the devoted abolitionist, familiar with the topic, were alike moved and amazed at the spectacle of the slave trade in action. How many of the English in Paris now are longing that everybody belonging to them could see Brion's little picture of an "Enterrement dans les Vosges." It would be a fine thing if all Paris could see Millais' "Order of Release;" and it would be a fine thing if all London could see that most touching mountain funeral, where the coffin is drawn on a little hand-sledge down the difficult path, encumbered with snow, and the blast catches the white cotton pall, and the weeping women are knee-deep in the snow; and the little child carries the wooden cross; and a friendly group looks on mournfully from the cottage garden on the steep. And who does not wish that to see Rosa Bonheur's pictures, present and to come, should be the common privilege of both nations? And who that met her last week does not wish that the mind and conversation of distinguished artists should be reciprocated like their productions?

The literature of art has been reciprocated freely enough. There is plenty of talk and books about it. *Even the Americans find they can talk about it, by following the lead of Goethe!* and practical artists in our own country are quite sufficiently annoyed by the discourses of pedants who never drew a line, but who have been to Munich, or Dresden, or Dusseldorf, and have, picked up, or made up theories of Art which, arising in a metaphysical and critical age, can afford no true account of the paintings

of an anterior period, or any guidance as to the genius of a coming time. In the midst of the aesthetic babble of pedants, masculine and feminine, up rises Rosa Bonheur to strike them dumb. Some may murmur that hers is not high Art; but there will be a general consent that we have got hold of a treasure of true Art, and that we may well be thankful for what we have got. We shall obtain no High Art by imitating the ancient, or by calling out for it. The faculty will find its own way of manifesting itself—a new and fresh way—which there is no use in guessing at beforehand. Meantime here is, in Rosa Bonheur and her works, something new, fresh, strong, and capital; and our business is to be thankful for what we have seen, and to see as much more as we can.

This distinguished woman is an agreeable subject of contemplation in every way. She is good and wise, healthy and happy, beloved and cherished by family and friends, and with every prospect of a long career, enviable for better things than the fame which will accompany it. No one can look at such works as hers—produced before she had passed her thirtieth year—and doubt her industry. They are the results of genuine study of nature—close, prolonged, and animated. Yet has she neglected no duty, domestic or social, for the indulgence of her own tastes. She is one of the happy number—which would become unlimited if education were what it ought to be—whose chief pleasure happens to be also their first duty. Her father was an artist; and she studied under him, till she was qualified to fill his place in his home, and support and educate the family he left. Simply and nobly she did that duty; and now, at thirty-one, she has achieved fame and pecuniary ease, and may cultivate and exercise her genius according to her bent. Those who saw her in London must have been struck with the heart's content in her countenance, mingled with its bright expression of exhilaration.—Courage is exhilaration and peace in one; and what her courage is, her countenance and her pictures show. The subject and treatment of her "Horse Fair" is such a proof of courage as is not often afforded by men. In a woman it takes the world by storm, as the artist world of London saw last week.

Without touching on the old question of the comparative intellectual ability of women and men, and the dispute as to the causes of the acknowledged inferiority of women in the department of Art, we may point out that Rosa Bonheur has brought up a new phase of that old question. The French call her their Pauline Potter, and insist on her equality with Paul. We hope she has many years before her to ascertain the power and scope of her genius; but meantime, whatever be the place finally assigned her, we know to a certainty that it is by her power of toil that she has reached her present eminence. There is genius in the conception and endurance of such toil as she has undergone, and out of which she comes with an ever-growing strength and freshness. Those who see her in her own home see what her power of study is. She has, because she must have, a house of her own in Paris, on account of the necessity, not only of the ordinary requisites of light, space, &c., but of room for her curious happy family of animals, of which a splendid goat is the most conspicuous member. There are no women like the French for the free exercise of industry and ability; and Rosa Bonheur has been working like a French woman in a department open to all, while women elsewhere—and men, too—have been talking, or trying, by means of books, to enter into other folks' labors.

A good many English in Paris are now with admiration gazing at her great new picture—"The Hayfield." It is badly hung, in a bad light, and unfavorably surrounded; but it is the picture which fixes all eyes. No part of that

picture could have proceeded from anything but the labor of her own senses ministering to her intellect. It comes out of the hayfield, without any intervention but Rosa's own mind. Everybody starts at the oxen—those living creatures looking at you and breathing on you as they stand out from the canvas. When you come to consider, think of the boldness of taking noon for the time—with its pale hot sky, and its deficiency of shadow. You see at a glance what the heat is, and how much wind there is to relieve it. If the Horse-fair amazes London by its daring and its power, it will be a grievous pity if London cannot see the Hayfield, which has equal daring, power, and wonderful vitality, and a rural freshness and charm besides, which declare the advent of a new genius. If the picture should be inaccessible (and it was immediately sold), there will be small consolation in looking at the excellent lithograph of it, which must tantalize as much as it can gratify. We must have an annual exhibition of foreign pictures in London, and an alliance of artists among all nations, whatever may become of the crowned heads and their governments. The sight of the cordial intercourse between Edwin Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, made that clear last week; and the league must extend till it embraces all true artists. Art is an universal language; and if we find different dialects following geographical divisions, it is evident that the thing wanted is freer intercourse, like that which we desire to see established.—*Daily News.*

BOOK NOTICES.

We have to notice a book lying upon our table, called Mrs. Jameson's "*Common Place Book*," published by Messrs. Appleton & Co. It is what its name imports, a book of fragments—her own thoughts and the thoughts of others. Mrs. Jameson is a practical artist as well as writer on Art, besides being, in our judgment, a very sensible woman, and we can recommend her book as eminently suggestive and entertaining.

We have also received from Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co., the fifth edition of a work, called a "*Manual of the Fine Arts*." It is compiled by a lady, with an introduction by Daniel Huntington. The fact of it having reached its fifth edition shows the degree of its appreciation by the public, and that there is a growing demand for Fine Art information. It contains a "general view of the Fine Arts," embracing every school and every age of Art-interest.

Household Words, for September, republished by Messrs. Dix & Edwards, contains a capital story, called "The Yellow Mask." For dramatic interest, and for artistic skill in the conception of its plot, as well as its development, we think it far superior to any novel of the day. We read it in a railroad car, and being absorbed in the events narrated in the ninth chapter, so much so, that when our eye had read the following line, "At the same moment he felt a hand laid on him," and the conductor, suiting the action to the word, placed his hand on our shoulder, in order to make known his presence, we nearly jumped out of our linen wrapper. We could not pay a better compliment to the talent of the author.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

GOVERNMENT, we understand, is seriously engaged with the question of a New National

Gallery. Sir William Molesworth, while at the Board of Works, occupied himself with this subject, of which he feels the thorough importance; and we sincerely hope that his elevation to the Colonial Office will not delay the final dispositions of the Government. Ministers feel that the present mode of exhibiting the national pictures—at Windsor, Hampton Court, the British Museum, the National Gallery, and Marlborough House—is eminently unsatisfactory. Plans are before them for the consolidation of those galleries.—*Athenaeum.*

THIS year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy has not, we hear it said, been so successful as the average. A thousand pounds has been named to us as at least the fall below last year's receipts: a sum which represents no less than 20,000 visitors. How is this? Other and less fashionable exhibitions have not suffered in the same degree; some of these—if our information be good—have had a prosperous season, and more than one has sold beyond the average number of pictures. The fall, therefore, at the Royal Academy is not to be solely attributed to the war. Other causes help to keep away visitors: and one of these, we venture to hint, is the unqualified discomfort of the place. As we pass and repass the portico of the Academy, with a natural inclination to go in, we think of the dismal sculpture-vault—of the dark octagon—of the fierce heat—of the close rooms—of the cross-lights—of the stifling dust—of works so hung that they cannot be seen without a crick in the neck or a wrench of the spine—of the incessant reference from picture to catalogue—and of the certain headache that will reward the adventure—and we pass on with a sigh, putting off to another day the duty which ought to be to us a pleasure. Some of these causes of discomfort are perhaps beyond the reach of the Royal Academy; though fewer of them perhaps than would appear so to a body guided by a resolute will and a large purpose. The description of the pictures is not. Two catalogues, cut in slips, would furnish all the information needed: each slip, with the painter's name and subject, being gummed to its proper picture-frame. Such an arrangement would take away no inconsiderable part of the discomfort of which every one now complains at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.—*Athenaeum.*

A SENSATION, as the reporters say, has been made at Hampton Court. A picture has been stolen:—and the sylvan gods are scared by the suspicious glances of policemen and the gathering of eager crowds round placards offering a reward for its recovery. Sir William Molesworth has ordered an inquiry. Hampton is all astir. Alarmed for the national loss, Earl Granville is of opinion that the other pictures ought to be instantly screwed to the walls, made fixtures, capable of defying Mercury and all his minions. Lord St. Leonards cries out "fire,"—and wonders how the Cartoons are to be saved in case of accident in that very inflammable edifice. Lord Monteagle, hearing the word "fire"—and the Fine Arts of a nation being parenthetically before the House of Peers—reminds the country that the Vernon Collection is still kept in a hazardous building; Marlborough House, which arose out of fire and smoke, and harbored no little smouldering passion in its early time, being as likely as any other to go off some day with spontaneous combustion. The true precaution against fire and theft is to place the national pictures in one central, fire-proof, and well-guarded edifice—as, we believe, the government is now convinced.—*Athenaeum.*

GOVERNMENT has agreed to give a further sum of £10,000 towards the completion of the Art-Galleries on the Mound, at Edinburgh, upon the condition that the Trustees also advance a large sum: £40,000 has already been expended.—*Athenaeum.*